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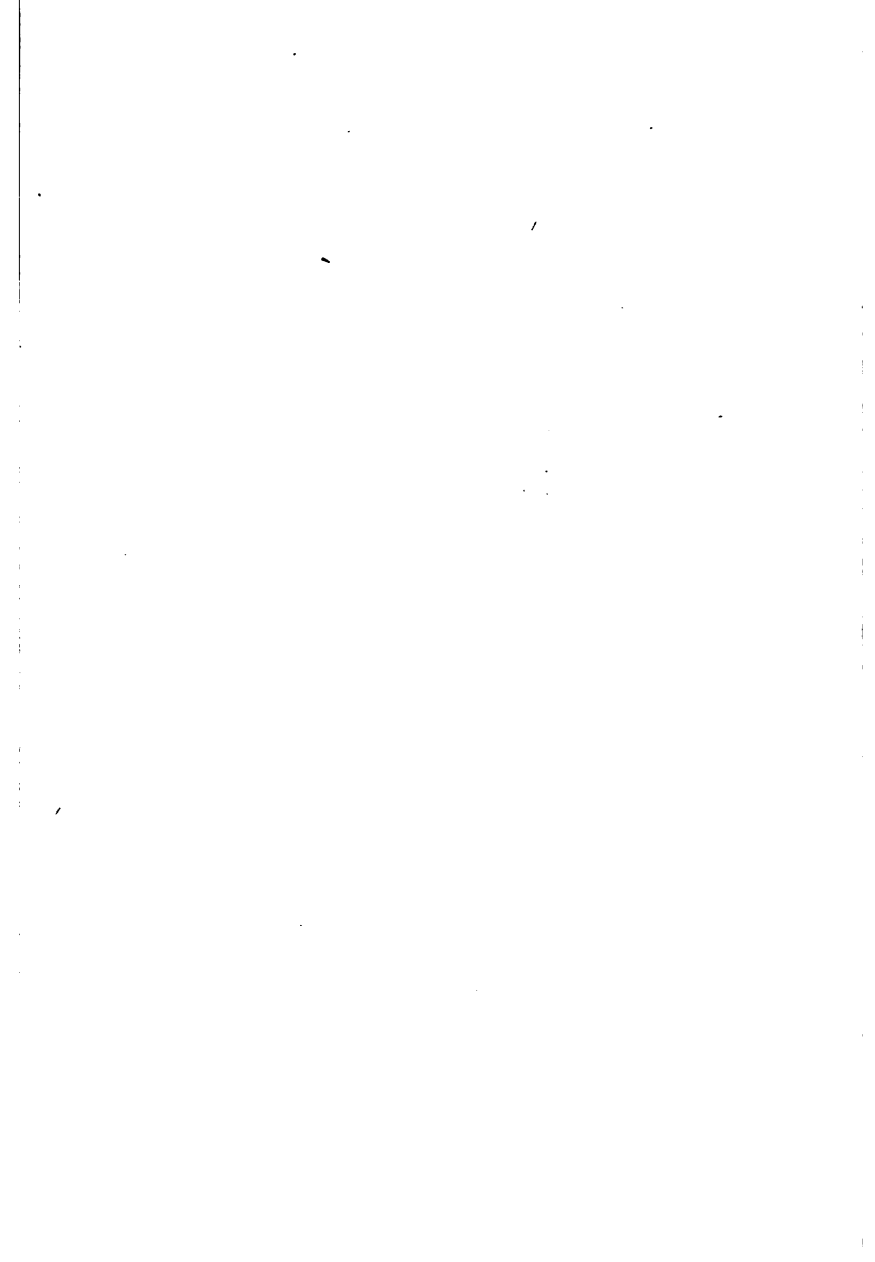
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CLASS OF 1877





SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

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1

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

BY BERTON BRALEY

Including also

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

LOVE LYRICS OF A GHAUFFEUR



CHICAGO
BROWNE & HOWELL COMPANY
1913

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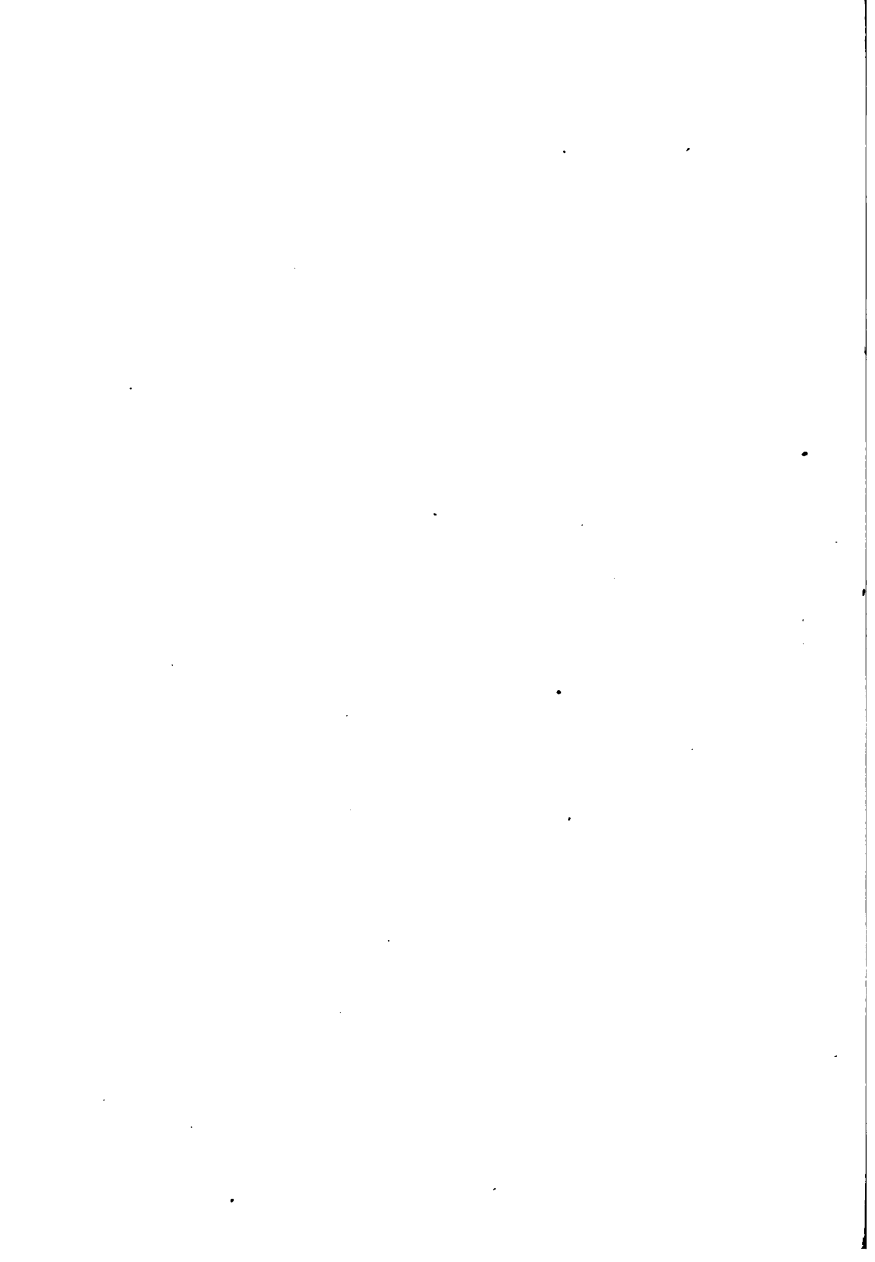
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D

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE



SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

I

I READ a lot about the Suffrage Cause.
In nearly every paper that I get
There's something said about the Suffragette
And Woman's Rights and "brutal, man-made laws."
It's funny, but this "Votes for Women" draws
Its leaders from the very smartest set.
I don't know what it's all about; and yet
I think I'd like to join it — well — because!

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

Why should I be a frivolous young thing,
Thinking of gowns and dances — and
of men —

When I might help to make the welkin ring
With “Votes for Women!” like the Upper
Ten?

My sheltered life has been too calm and
quiet;

The Movement calls me — and I guess I’ll
try it.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

II

IT was a lovely meeting — yes, indeed;
Perfectly dear! And there was such
a crowd —

Lots of my friends; I simply bowed and
bowed.

I tell you men had better start to heed
The warning we have given them to read.

The leader was delightful — but a dowl!
My gown was stunning, and I felt so
proud —

For being nicely dressed is half my creed.

The speeches that I heard were simply
grand;

And I met Mrs. Harry Van der Groat —

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

One of the social leaders of the land.

I wonder why she cares about the vote!
If I had all her money I'd — but there!
The meeting was a dandy, I declare.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

III

I HAVE decided. I am going to be
A leader in the cause of Woman's
Rights.

Though lots of well-known Suffragettes
are frights
And hardly seem to know the A, B, C
Of wearing clothes, that needn't frighten
me.

My speeches may not be a great suc-
cess,
But I *look* pretty well and I can dress;
And Yellow quite becomes me — luckily.

I have a simply stunning yellow gown
To wear tomorrow night at our bazar.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

We're going to show the women of this town

What poor, downtrodden slaves they
really are!

And, as a little cash is very handy,

We hold a fair — and I shall sell the candy.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

IV

HE had the finest eyes; and such a
chin —

A firm, determined chin; a lovely
smile;

And wore His suit in such distinguished
style.

Of course I noticed Him when He came
in.

And when He sauntered over to my booth
And asked how much my candy was a
pound

I couldn't say a word or make a
sound —

I guess I must have blushed, to tell the
truth.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

I don't know why He made me feel that
way —

I'm not afraid of men; for I'm enrolled
In Woman's Cause and armored for the
fray,

And we who join the fight must needs be
bold —

His eyes were brown; His hair was tinged
with gray —

I don't know how much candy 'twas I
sold.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

V

THE legislature met and we were there—
A small committee and the president —

And hours and hours and hours we vainly
spent

Getting the pitying smile, the wooden stare,
From men who didn't seem to know or care
What we were after. All about we went,
Explaining what we wished and what we
meant,

While Solons listened with a weary air.

I wore the best I had and looked my best;
But even that seemed not to help our
bill.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

Our views were surely clear and well expressed;

Yet we had failed most dismally, until
We made our little pilgrimage to see
The Speaker of the House — and it was
He!

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

VI

I DIDN'T know a thing to say or do —
To find Him there just took away my
breath!

My poise all left me; I was scared
to death!

It really made me very angry too —
To think a man I scarcely even knew
Should make me act like any bashful
child!

And, though I didn't show it, I was
wild

Until we'd finished with that interview.

Oh, He was very nice and heard it all —
The little speech our clever leader made —

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

And asked us to repeat sometime our call
And thanked us for the visit we had
paid,
And bowed us out, as gracious as a king —
Although He hadn't promised anything.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

VII

TODAY I had a *terrible* surprise:
One of the legislators acted rude
And leered at me and made some
horrid, crude,
Familiar speech — the sort that I despise.
The Speaker heard it; and with blazing
eyes
He crossed the floor and grabbed the
fellow's arm,
And told him He would make things good
and warm
Unless the person would apologize.

And so he did — the masher was abject;
He almost groveled as he said his piece

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

And promised he would be more circum-
spect

And that familiarities should cease.

The Speaker left soon after this began;

But, oh, I think He is the grandest man!

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

VIII

WE marched in a procession on the
street

To give the Cause publicity; and I
Carried a Votes-for-Women banner high,
Despite the stares of many men we'd
meet.

I didn't care, because the most élite,
The smartest women in the town, were
by,
Tramping along with all us smaller fry —
(My gown, in spite of mud, was rather
neat)

But all at once I saw Him on the curb
Lifting His hat and giving me a smile.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

And, though I didn't let it much disturb
My peace of mind, I worried quite a
while;

In fact, last night I hardly slept a wink,
Thinking: "What will He think? What
will He think?"

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

IX

MY dear, I hate to knock; but, just the
same,

I don't see why some orators will go
Dowdy and shabby, looking like a show
And wearing things you simply couldn't
name.

The one we heard last night is known to
fame

For eloquence — and she spoke well, I
know;

But by her looks I think her maid must
throw

Her garments at her — really, it's a shame!

Of course we're trodden down and all of
that —

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

She put that very well and made it clear;
But, my! she wore the most outlandish
hat —

And such a waist! — and such a skirt,
my dear!

Man is, I know, our tyrant and our jailer;
But let us not forget our ladies' tailor.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

X

THERE are *some* dowdy women on our
list,

But most of us are pretty neatly gowned;

Yet all the cartoon pictures I have found
Show us as Frights too frowsy to exist;

I don't object to any other twist

The artists give their pencils — let 'em
gibe

In any way they like to suit the tribe;

But when it comes to clothes we must
insist

On being shown in gowns more up to
date,

And hats of vintages since nineteen-four.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

For if there's one thing well-dressed women
hate

It's being caught in styles that are no
more;

We are not sensitive — no, not a bit!

But, please, dear artists, make our dresses
fit.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

XI

OH, dear, I simply know 'twill break my
heart!

And yet, of course, it surely must be
done —

A vigorous campaign has just begun
Against the men who didn't take our part
Up in the legislature; and they say
That if the Speaker tries to make the
run

We must go after Him with "sword and
gun"

And "get His scalp" upon election day!

The Speaker — He's that lovely man I met
When I was selling candy long, long since!

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

It's hard to have to fight Him so; and yet
I guess we must, although it makes me
wince.

Somehow He seems to me a Perfect
Prince!

I sometimes wish I weren't a Suffragette.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

XII

I DIDN'T want to fight Him; but I
heard

Something today that made me greatly
vexed —

Amused, I mean. I wonder what is next!
Oh, men are truly foolish and absurd!
They say He is engaged to that rare bird
An Anti-Suffragette, and She can wind
Him right around her thumb if She's
inclined;

And that — but, there, I don't believe a
word!

Doubtless She's of the sort that coo and cling
And think of nothing else but men and
clothes —

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

A little, simpering, fluffy, blue-eyed Thing—
The kind men like, but every woman
loathes.

Well, let Him have Her if it is His nature;
But He *shan't* go back to the legislature!

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

XIII

I SAW Him in an auto with the Girl.
She is a pretty thing, without a
doubt,
But of the kind that sigh and sulk and
pout
And try to keep a fellow in a whirl.
My! He was tender with her as could
be —
Swinging her gently in and lightly out —
He must be strong as men you read
about;
But what He sees in her I cannot see!

I wish I'd known He liked the fluffy sort —
I *can* be fluffy as a fluffy kitty.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

But — I have got to hurry and report
A lot of urgent things to the committee.
I'm rather sad and dreary altogether.
Isn't it horrid, cloudy, somber weather?

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

XIV

WELL, Mr. Speaker's back to private
life.

Although we women didn't have the vote,
As Brother says, we surely "got His
goat!"

But it was war — and war unto the knife.
We pushed our menfolks into all the strife;
Dodgers and sandwich men we set afloat;
And; oh, the campaign fictions that we
wrote!

Well, she — I guess — won't be the
Speaker's wife!

I s'pose I ought to cheer; and yet, some-
how,
I'm not so happy as I wish I were;

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

In fact, I'm feeling rather tearful now

And everything I look at is a blur.

I wonder why my eyes are getting dim —

I never even cared a snap for Him!

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

XV

TIME was that Love was lord of all my
dreams;

But I have put him by, for now I know

His kingdom is a realm of empty show,

Of silly kisses and of foolish schemes.

The Cause of Woman calls me, and it
teems

With promise and with glory all aglow!

My destiny is plain and I shall go

Forward to that far goal which gleams and
gleams!

Marriage and home and such I must abjure.

My path is straight; I shall not look
aside —

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

I wonder if He's absolutely sure

That she's the kind He wants to make
His bride!

Rue shall be mine, not rosemary and
clover —

Maybe He'll change His mind and throw
her over!

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

XVI

THEY'VE put me down to make a little
speech

In celebration of our winning fight.

We hold a jubilation Thursday night,
When we will let the lady eagle screech;
For in the fortress we have made a breach,
Driven our foes completely out of
sight —

And now are marching on in serried
might —

That's from my talk; it really is a peach!

I wonder if He's likely to be there!

I'm going to wear the swellest thing I've
got;

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

And I shall have a sunburst in my hair —

**But what's the use? For — just as like
as not —**

He will be with that girl I've spoken of,

Sitting at home — and maybe making love!

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

XVII

HE called today and brought that girl
along —

Both He and she were wonderfully nice.

At first I treated them as cold as ice;

But very soon I felt that I was wrong,

For in that voice of His, so deep and
strong,

He said: "It's strange you haven't met
before.

This is my little sister Leonore —

As nice a girl as any in the throng."

My goodness gracious — if I'd only known!

She's just the sweetest girl you'd ever
find.

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

Of course the fault is really all my own;
But She's so nice! I love that fluffy
kind!

And He is not engaged; has no romance —
That gives *some* girl a little better chance!

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

XVIII

HE wants to know what Woman's
Suffrage means:

And so He comes to me, he says, to learn.

I've tried to make it plain to Him, in turn,
How it would break political machines
And put an end to all disgraceful scenes
About the polls. He really seems to
yearn

For knowledge, and His eyes with fervor
burn—

And — my! He says He loves my pork
and beans!

He says He sees He made a great mistake —
He never will oppose the Cause again!

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

And then He asked me for a piece of cake —

He says my cooking would make slaves
of men!

He says we women really ought to vary

Our plan of fight — and make it culinary!

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

XIX

AND, now that I'm converted hard and
fast

And tethered in your Woman's Suffrage
yard,

What is to be my just and fair reward
For turning thus my back on all my past?"
He asked me that last night. I only cast
A glance at Him — well, that is where
He starred!

He seized me in His arms and held me
hard;
And so I'd won my victory at last!

Won't it be fine to be a great man's spouse —
One of the greatest on the continent —

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

Wife of the noted Speaker of the House —

Wife of the Senator — the President!

For Arthur's certain to be great in time —

And who can tell how loftily He'll climb?

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

XX

ISN'T she pretty, Arthur? Cute and pink!
And — my! — so fat and active! Oh,
she smiled!

I wonder if there ever was a child
One-half so nice as she is — do you think?
Well, what do you think of that! I saw
her wink —

She understood! I tell you she is keen;
The brightest baby I have ever seen.
Just see her eyes — how knowingly they
blink!

My dear, she wants that package! What is
in it?

What makes you smile so? Wait and
I'll see too!

SONNETS OF A SUFFRAGETTE

Hush, baby; you shall have it in a minute.

Your Speaker's Gavel! Arthur, dear —
she *knew!*

Just think! She's only three months old,
and yet

She knows her mind — and she's a Suffra-
gette!

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE



LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

I

US working girls gets pretty wise to men,
They ain't so very la-de-dah with us;
We see 'em when they ain't dolled up to
fuss,

But just the way they are nine days in ten.
Believe me when I say I haven't been
A manicure two years for nothing, "yuss,"
I'm nearly hep to every sort of cuss
That slips a manicure her half a yen.

But take 'em all in all they ain't so worse.
There's some gets new but I can head
'em in,

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

And show 'em when the time comes to
reverse

And put the air-brake on their line of
chin;

And then there's some is slower than a
hearse

— I wish there was a swell guy I could
win.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

II

M^E for the mope with money — or at
least

The fellow with a little in the bank;

I want to float around with dames of
rank

No more for me a brow with worry creased
Because the wolf's outside the door — the
beast!

The poor man gets from me the chilly,
blank

And haughty stare, to put it very frank.
— My youthful thoughts of fond romance
has ceased.

I want a good free-spender, not too free,

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

(These reckless ginks is either flush or
broke)

A good provider, who will get for me

Most anything I want before I've spoke,

Love? Aw forget it, I have put the bee

On Mr. Cupid till he had to croak;

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

III

FOR once upon a time, when I was
young,

The Grandest Man came floating round
the shop

(Still when I think of him my heart goes
“flop”)

And at his feet my girlish love I flung.

Say, it was fierce the loving way I clung

To every finger when I done his nails

And he — he told me pretty fairy tales

Until I found that he was married—

Stung!

My young heart almost busted, dearie dear!

I thought I'd found a home for all my
life,

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

**And then — excuse me while I shed a
tear —**

**I learned about the gay deceiver's wife;
And after that all love for me was canned
And yet, and yet — say, he was Simply
Grand!**

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

IV

I DONE some hands today that sure was
tough,

The guy that owned them was a country
boob,

You couldn't help but size him for a
rube

And gee, his nails was awful coarse and
rough!

And though he done his best to throw a
bluff

And act just like a city chap, at ease,
Once when I give his hand a little
squeeze

He blushed bright red and all that bashful
stuff.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

He made me laugh, the great, big, awkward gink,

His hands was big and awful thick and hard,

His clothes was latest fashion — I don't think!

He looked just like a comic postal card.

He sure was anything at all but wise

(And yet he had the Grandest pair of eyes).

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

V

IT seems to me that all the hands I do
Is awful soft and lady-like of late;
And if there's anything on earth I hate
It's sissy hands on men. Why, honest
true,
These nice clean lunch-hooks that I has to
view
Gives me the willies, none for little
Kate!
I'm for the paws that's hard and strong
and great,
Even if they are red and calloused too.

This lily-fingered thing is fine for dames
That likes to play piano or crochet.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

But men's hands ain't intended for them
games

— I wonder what become of that young
jay

That blowed in here a week or so ago.

Say, but *his* hands was mighty strong ones,
though!

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

VI

IT'S funny, ain't it, how you mix the
dope

And think you've got the whole thing
figgered right,

And then you sort of get a second sight
And find you're twisted like a tangled
rope.

I pegged that rural person as a mope,
I laughed at him and said he was a fright
And now — say listen, honest, honor
bright!

I can't forget him, I just live in hope

That he'll come back again and let me
hold

That hand of his for just a little while,

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

I'm sick of fellers that are wise and bold,
That rube was *nice* and had a bashful
smile.

— Ah me (I stole that talk from Bertha
Clay)

He came into my life — and went away.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

VII

THIS world is hard for girls that has to
work.

The men you meet and think you'd like
to get

Is either married long before you met
Or busy as a dago with a Turk!
And you can do your best and smile and
smirk

But at the most a tip is all you get.

The guy that sticks around — here's one
best bet

Is some four-flusher of a ribbon clerk.

Well, when I marry, as I said before

I won't be like these easy marks who
fall

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

For any brassy boy who makes a stall
And heats the atmosphere forevermore.
I don't object to bluffs — no, not at all —
But they must have the boodle when I call.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

VIII

THAT farmer boy blew in again at last,
His scenery was changed — he showed
some pep,

I guess some friend of his had put him
hep

Or else he's wised himself up mighty fast;
Says he, "I haven't come to have you trim
My taper finger nails, I'm shy the price
But somehow — well, you seem so sort of
nice

And things are looking blue and chances
dim.

I thought maybe you'd cheer me up a bit,
I hardly know a person in the town.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

I've lost my job — I didn't seem to fit

I guess I don't belong, my nerve is down,
I done my best but I was not a hit,

I reckon I am finished — good and
brown.”

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

IX

HONEY," I says, "I'm sorry for your
sake

You're down a bit; but gee, you're far
from out,

Forget that sad discouraged, dreary
shout!

You take the count? There ain't no count
to take!

Brace up, stand up and give yourself a
shake,

It's boys like you fresh from the village
green

That licks the platter in the city clean,
Don't let a little set back make you
break.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

"There's room for you — or you can *make*
the room,

The boys from Homelyville and Sleepy
Lane

Are at the top right now — cut out the
gloom

And get some fighting spirit in your
brain!

I'm strong all right on love and sympathy
But what you want is *N-e-r-v-e.*"

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

X

THAT bunch of cheerful dope I mixed
up hot

For Silas (Ain't that just an awful name)
Seems to have made him ready for the
game,

And ever since he's been right on the trot.

Where any job was — he was on the spot
And so today with quite a grin he came
And says, says he, "Let it be known to
fame

This is a first class job that I have got."

"Believe me, sister, you're the tonic kid,
The nervine youngster and the brace-up
friend.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

I'll sure make good if such it can be did,

And blow you right when I have cash to
spend,

My board bill first — and then, well, wait
and see

I kinda think you'll find some class to me."

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

XI

BELIEVE me when I say that Si's the
goods

All wool, you bet, and not a shoddy
thread.

You put it down as something that I said
That there ain't many like him in these
woods;

For yesterday, when Si was getting shaved
One of these masher fellers got too flip
And handed me some doubtful sort of lip
— Well say, you oughta see how Si
behaved!

Out of that chair he bounded like a flash
And spread that masher's nose around his
map.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

**"I'll teach you what's the proper way to
mash,"**

**Says Silas as he bumped him on the trap.
And then he throwed him out and banged
the door**

**— I see now what them heavy hands is
for.**

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

XII

I HATE a piker. Listen to my wail.

This Silas child is either awful tight
Or else he isn't jerry to the right
And proper way to spend his bunch of
kale.

He takes me to a show and makes me
trail

Along the streets, because it "ain't so
far,"

And then the seats — do you know where
they are?

Clear up at top, behind the highest rail!

And after it is over does he say

"Now, little one, we'll have a bit to
eat?"

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

Not on your life and likewise nix! and
nay!

We beats it home upon our weary feet.
When there's so many *live ones* in the
town,
I guess I'm through with Mr. Silas Brown.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

XIII

I WONDER where friend Silas keeps
himself?

It's seven days since I have seen his face,
I wonder if he's sick or left the place,
Maybe he's in the dead house on a
shelf.

Oh yes, I know, I said he wouldn't shine
With other guys that went a faster
pace

But it ain't never been no great dis-
grace

To change your mind as I have done with
mine.

I wonder if he's ever coming back?

I wonder if he ever thinks of me?

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

I wonder if I made some funny crack

The other night that made him sore? —

Oh, gee!

That farmer boy has got me on the rack

And I'm so worried I can hardly see!

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

XIV

SAY, but I guess I'm foolish like a
mutt —

Me that was worrying so about that
geek

Because he didn't show for all the week
That I was almost going off my nut, —

For yesterday I seen him — gee, he cut

An awful dash; he was the nobby
streak,

He was the latest noise, the newest
shriek

And with him was a lady — oh tut tut!

She was some queen, I gotta hand her that,

And togged to make a fellow hold his
breath

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

But when *I'm* fretting over where he's at
And simply worrying myself to death,
He's trotting with this other wren. Oh
well,
You try to dope 'em out, but you can't
tell.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

XV

GRAB it from Katie that a woman's
queer —

Almost as queer and funny as a man.

Me that was frizzled in my thinking pan
Because that clumsy farmer wasn't here;

The minute that he happens to appear

I hand him all the scornful talk I can

Although if this here face of mine he'd
scan

He'd know that I was wishing I could
cheer!

He asks me to a dance — says I, "I guess

That I can go, although them cheap
affairs

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

Is always very rowdy, more or less,

And very hard upon the clothes you
wears''

(While all the time, if I'd have spoke what's
true

I'd say, "I'm crazy, Hon, to go with
you!")

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

XVI

HE says that queen bee that I seen him
with

Was just his cousin, here from up the
State.

He says that ain't no stall, it's honest
straight,

And that her name is Angelina Smith.

Maybe he's handing out a merry myth

But I'll believe it, or at any rate

As long as Angie's gone and pulled her
freight

I'll try to *think she* is his kin and kith.

Of course that cousin game is rather worn

But I'll believe him — that is, if I
can:

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

Although he went and left *me* "all forlorn"

To trot around with *her*. That's like a
man!

Say, there's one thing I've noticed in the
city,

A fellow's "cousin's" always mighty
pretty.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

XVII

SAY, was it me that painted Brother
Si

As tighter than the tightest kind of
drum?

Well, all that conversation's on the bum,
He's just the livest person passing by.
Open face togs, a silk hat two feet high
And flowers — say, but he was going
some

When in a taxicab for me he come —
He sure can soar when he starts out to
fly.

Oh, it was grand enough, but I'm afraid
That he is blowing in his cash too fast,

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

That party was a nifty dress parade

But such a pace is much too swift to
last;

I'm going to tell him that he needn't
spend

A cent on me to keep me for a friend.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

XVIII

GEE, but these farmer boys is awful
slow,

Ain't it the truth, why listen here to
this!

On the way home last night Si stole a
kiss

Or tried to steal it, but it didn't go.

I made a stall that I was angry, so

The stupid ninny didn't try again;

It's funny that a feller can't tell when

A girl means "yes" although she answers
"no!"

And when I said good night I stood a step

Above him and my eyes looked into his

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

And — well I done my best to put him
hep

But still he didn't seem to know his
biz;

He wanted it, all right, and mighty bad,

But still he lost the kiss he might have
had.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

XIX

HE called for me last night and took me
home

Just when the lights were coming on —
near dark,

He led me to an arbor in the park
And as we sat there in the “glimmering
gloom,”

He says to me, “Say, Katie, I could roam
Around the world and yet I’d never find
A girl like you. Say, honeybun, be kind
If you would take me, life would be a
pome.”

I looks him over, tall and strong and clean
The sort of man you know is royal blue,

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

A regular feller, such as seldom seen,

“I got cha Steve,” I says, “I’m strong
for you.”

There’s certain things I’ve said I must
recall

For Si is quite some kisser after all!

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

XX

IT is to laugh. It is to laugh out loud,
And I'm the joke; do you remember
how

I said I wouldn't be no person's frau
Until I knew about him and his crowd?
I'd be the haughty beauty, cold and
proud

And very mercenary — pipe me now!
Falling for love in spite of every vow
And wrapping all my wisdom in a
shroud.

For all I know my Silas may be Bill
The Brooklyn Burglar or some mug like
that,

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

But if he was — I guess I'd take him
still

I'm just that crazy underneath my hat.

Of course he ain't a crook, but if he is

I bet that he's the best one in the
biz!

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

XXI

A CITY Salesman, salary Thirty per!
That's Silas; ain't he something
pretty grand?

I bet each manicure in all the land
Is wishing Silas took a shine to *her*;
You ought to see the flat we've got, yes
sir!

It's all the candy — lovely, understand?
And gee, the cosy corners we have
planned
They're just the grandest things that ever
were.

Now Thirty per's no fortune — that's a fact
But still I guess that we can get along.

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

And sometimes maybe see the actors act

Or hear a comic opera tenor's song,

**At least, it's worth the gamble and the
chance**

For I'm just full of longing for romance!

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

XXII

THE wedding march is over — we are
one

And are we happy — well I should
exclaim?

I'd like to have you point me out a dame
That's any gladder underneath the sun;
But now that married life is well begun

I'll buy a safety razor set for Si

(In time these barbers' shaves mount up
quite high

And folks like us should really save the
mon).

I think it's just as well for Si to keep

Away from barber shops — no matter
where —

LOVE SONNETS OF A MANICURE

To shave at home is better and more cheap

— And I'm the only manicure who's
there!

Of course I trust my husband; sure! but
then,

Them manicures is sirens with the men!

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL



LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

I

SAY, Mamie, I met just the dandiest
feller

Down at the dancin' pavilion last night;
Dresses as swell as the swellest — or
sweller —

Say, he is *there*; he is strictly all right.
Dance? He can dance like a spielin' pro-
fessor;

Two-step or waltz — he's the best in the
land.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

**Have I a crush? You're a good little
guesser.**

Honestly, Mamie, he's Perfectly Grand!

**Mamie, he's there with the smooth con-
versation,**

**Easy and bright — but he doesn't get gay.
Talks like he had just a grand education,**

**My, but the cleverest things he can say!
Still, he is always so nice in his manners,**

**All of the "rough stuff" is totally canned;
Maybe he's one of these oxygen fanners —
Nevertheless he is Perfectly Grand!**

**Mamie, his front name is Spanish — it's
Terence;**

**"Terence O'Shea" — he's a Frenchman,
I think.**

LOVE LYRICS OF A SH

Say, but I'm glad it ain't Algy or C

Guys with them monakers dr
drink.

Mamie — Aw, gee! Gotto wait

Sometimes this job of mine's
can stand!

But take it from Nettie, M

O'Grady,

Terence O'Shea is just Perfect

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

II

I WENT to the Firemen's Cotillion
With Mamie and Jennie and May;
The rough-necks was there by the million,
But — so was young Terence O'Shea.
He danced with me — seven grand waltzes —
And when the bunch got in a row
He said, "It's a shame; sure, you shouldn't
have came,
And we'll have to get out o' this now."

Then he says to us girls: "If you'll mind me
I'll take you clean out of this fight,
Keep together and follow behind me" —
And he walloped a guy with his right,

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

And his fists made a path as we beat it;
 You bet we was right where he led,
Till we crossed the whole floor and was out
 of the door
 With the moon shinin' down overhead.

And he says to me special: "Them dances
 Ain't fit for a girl of your style;
You shouldn't be takin' such chances —
 Cut 'em out, little one, for a while.
And, say — if I wait at the entrance
 When the store closes Monday, Miss Net,
And your work is all through, can I walk
 home with you?"
I giggled and answered, "You bet!"

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

III

SAY, Mamie, he's the finest feller yet,
He's all the rage with little sister Net;
I fell for him that time I seen him first.
And now — say, Mamie, honest, I've the
 worst,
The most tremendous crush I ever got.
I'm simply dippy over him — that's what!

He walked clear home with me — though
 it was late;
I bet he missed his dinner. Well, he's great!
Naw, I don't mean he's always on the
 buy —
I'm wise to that free-handed sort of guy;

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

But he — Oh, well, you know just what
I mean;
He kind of treats you like you was a queen.

And ain't he handsome, Mame? You seen
him, sure.

I guess he's *bad*; I guess he dresses *poor*.
And he ain't like some other friends of
mine

That's always tryin' hard to get a shine;
He never hits the booze; his cash he blows
For scenery and dances and for shows!

And, Mame, he's goin' to take me to a
show

If ma is only willin' I should go —
He wouldn't hear of takin' me unless
My mother knew about it and said, "Yes" —

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

**And did she? Well, you bet your boots
she did —**

I'd like to see her try to stop me, kid.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

IV

SAY, Mamie, pipe the rose I'm wearin'
— well?

You see it's on my heart — the proper
spot.

I want to state that that new friend I've
got

Knows how to treat a lady somethin' swell.
He doesn't spend so *much*; but you can
tell,

The *way* he spends it, he's been round a
lot

And knows the things to do, and what is
what.

Ain't it just simply lovely, Mamie? Smell!

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

And, Mamie, listen! — How? What's that
you said?

I've kept you waiting, madam? Paw-
don me,

I *awsked* you what you wished; you shook
your head,

And so I thought — I understood — you
see —

Three yahds, you say? — Wait, Mamie, till
we eat;

I'll tell you what he said to me, complete.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

V

WHAT'LL I wear, Mamie? What'll
I wear?

I'm goin' tonight to the show.

What sort of style will I do up my hair —

With a band or a comb or a bow?

Do you think I should go like I would to a
dance

Or more like I wear in the store?

I'm scared half to death and I daren't take
a chance —

I never went this way before.

For Terence is doin' the caper just grand;

Two seats, right downstairs near the front,

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

Where the dresses is all the decolette brand

And a opera cloak is the stunt.

But ma says I dassen't wear dresses like
that —

Though my shoulders is better than
some —

And I ain't got a opera cloak or a hat,

And I'll look like a kyke from a slum.

I wonder if Terence will wish I'd not
came!

He's always so swell and so fine.

But, still, he must know I'm no millionaire
dame

With duds full of jewels that shine.

So I guess I'll just put on my lavender
suit

And I hope it'll please him all right;

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

He seen it just once and he said it was
cute —

But I *know* I will look like a fright!

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

VI

TERENCE, these is dandy seats.

Say, you're awful good to me,
Flowers, shows and fancy eats —
You do spend your money free;
Just the same I think that we —
You, I mean — should save your dough,
So we'd have — I mean — Oh, gee!
.Ain't this just a dandy show?

Watch the little guy who beats

On the drum! Say, honest, he
Hops like Jersey shore mosquitoes
Or a busy little flea.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

Terence, pipe that bunch of three
In the third box, second row;
Fattest folks I ever see.
Ain't this just a dandy show?

O-oh! that villain; how he cheats!
Ain't it fierce? — his villainy?
When that hero guy he meets
He'll get his right suddenly.
There's the leadin' lady; she
Ain't so awful pretty, though.
Now we'll have some tragedy!
Ain't this just a dandy show?

L'ENVOI

Terence, you're the goods, machree!
And I had to tell you so.
It was grand as it could be —
It was just a dandy show!

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

VII

HELLO! Yes, this is Nettie. Yep!
How are you, Terence? Sure, I'm
wise;

I recognized you by your step

And by the twinkle in your eyes.

Aw, quitter jollyin' — I ain't!

Aw, now, go on; you beat the Dutch!

You'd try the patience of a saint —

You know my looks ain't such a much.

What? No, I don't. I never did.

I say I don't! Nope, not a bit.

Well, yes, I kind of like you, kid,

Now that I come to think of it.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

Say, Terence, tell me where I stand.

What's that? Oh, gee! that listens good.

Say, honest, Terence, you're just grand —

I want that strictly understood.

Aw, keep out, Central! What you say?

We can't be spoonin' on the 'phone?

Now, don't be gettin' quite so gay;

You just leave our affairs alone.

Hello, there, Terence, ain't that nerve?

Them Central girls is much too flip,

And if they got what they deserve

They'd be more careful with their lip.

The dance tonight? Why, sure thing, hon.

I wouldn't miss it for the world;

It will be simply loads of fun.

I'll be there, with my bangs all curled.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

I've got new scenery you'll like —

I think it ought to please your eye;

And I'll be dressed on time, sure Mike!

Get that one, honey? Well, goodbye!

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

VIII

WHEN we get up for a spiel
Words can't express how I feel.
My joy so intense is I'm out of my senses,
my brain's in a heavenly reel!

I could *die* dancing with you —
That ain't no jolly — it's true.
Waltzing or two-step, an old or a new step,
you're all to the merry; you'll do!

Whirl me again and again,
Six times or seven or ten;
Sway me and swing me and toss me and fling
me, till I don't know where I've been.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

I feel so light I could fly;
Hold me up close or I'll try —
Can't get my breath, dear; don't hug me to
death, dear! — and yet, what a sweet
way to die!

Terence, you're great; you're a wiz!
You're just the grandest there is.
Talkin' or dancin' you're simply entrancin';
you've put all the rest on the friz!
Whisper, you Terence O'Shea,
You've stolen my heart clean away,
The music's quit playin' — what's that I
was sayin'?
Aw well, don't believe all I say!

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

IX

OH, Mamie, listen! We have had a row,
Terence and me — a simply awful
scrap —

And we ain't speakin' to each other now.

But what's the difference? I don't give
a rap!

He isn't such a wonder! I know heaps
Of other guys that has it over him.

I hope he gets that other girl for keeps;
She'll make him dance around and keep
in trim.

He ditched me, Mamie; went and did me
dirt;

He took another lady to the dance,

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

And when he sees that I am kind of hurt

He tries to square himself — but what a
chance!

I says: "Your line of talk gives me a
pain;

I ain't concerned at all, and that's a
fact.

I hope you get this right and get it plain —

I don't care what you do, nor how you
act."

I says to him, I says: "If you're so fond
Of takin' her to dances, go ahead.

What do I care about that scrawny blonde!
You beat it while the goin's good," I
said.

Then he gets awful mad and off he went;
And I was sorry, and I guess I cried;

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

Because I'd said some more than what I
meant —

And wouldn't let him answer when he
tried.

Say, Mamie, have I put things on the blink
Forever and forever — do you think?
Or will he stand for what I said and did,
And come again — say, how about it, kid?

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

X

BELIEVE me, kid, I ain't the kind to
knock,

But there's a certain party I could name
That hasn't got no decency or shame;
If we was men I'd bat her on the block;
I'd make her wish that she had never
came
Between us — say, I'd give her quite a
shock.

Believe me, kid.

Why, say, if she should ever have to hock
The artificial stuff that's on her frame,
You wouldn't know her for the fancy
dame

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

That goes paradin' up and down the walk;
She wouldn't look a particle the same.

Believe me, kid.

She thinks she's swell; but, gee! she's such
a gawk.

She thinks she's wild; but, honest, she
is tame.

I don't see what he sees in such a dame,
Though I ain't one of those that likes to
knock.

Believe me, kid.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

XI

IT'S all my fault, but I don't care;
I won't tell *him* the way I feel;
He's got to say *he's* wrong, so there!

Say, he would have conceit to spare
If I would make the first appeal;
It's all my fault, but I don't care.

I won't do nothing, I declare
But let him make a humble spiel;
He's got to say *he's* wrong, so there!

Nope, I ain't tearin' any hair,
An' I ain't missed a single meal;
It's all my fault, but I don't care.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

We meet — *he* gets the frigid stare
That makes his very blood congeal;
He's got to say *he's* wrong, so there!

You say the way I act ain't fair?
What's that to you, it ain't your deal.
It's all my fault, but I don't care.
He's got to say *he's* wrong, so there!

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

XII

JUST to be pleasant and social, that's
all,

Jimmie McGannon asked me to the ball.

"Nettie," he says, "It's a shame you should
stay

Home all alone when the others is gay,

Just because you've had a row with
O'Shea —

I have the tickets; come on, girlie — say!"

Just to show Terence that I didn't care

I went with Jimmie — and Terence was
there!

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

Believe me, the fracas was over — so quick!
For Terence came down like a thousand of
brick;

And though Jimmie isn't no picnic to
lick —

He bein' a lively and muscular Mick —
It didn't take Terence much time for the
trick!

"This is to show," Terence says, with a
grin,

"That though we are *out* there'll be no
buttin' *in*!

If any one else wants to go with my girl
He'll get all mussed up, with his hair out of
curl.

Step up here, you guys, and I'll give you a
whirl."

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

Well, say, was I popular? Yes, I was —
not.

They left me alone in the loneliest spot,
And Terence, he chucked me right into a
hack.

“Go home, you,” he said, “and don’t try
to come back!”

But though he was mad as a hen that is wet
And wouldn’t make up with his little friend
Net,

I know that he cares! It was hard upon
Jim;

Yet I’m glad of the rumpus that happened
to him.

It cleared up a matter that seemed pretty
dim.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

XIII

THAT floor-walker's gettin' too breezy;
He hangs around me all the time.

I've wanted to let him down easy,

But he doesn't get wise — he's a lime.

I don't like the way that he treats me —

You'd think that he owned me, the slob!
You'd think, by the way that he meets
me,

I owed him my life — and my job!

He's got to quit callin' me "Baby"

And "Sister" and "Honey" and "Pet."

I've quarreled with Terence; but maybe

He wouldn't be tickled to get

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

A chance at this floor-walker Willie,
Who tried to get merry with muh!
Oh, wouldn't he wallop him silly!
And then for the ambulance — huh?

But I won't tell Terence; I merely
Will *speak* to this floor-walker gink,
And tell him, quite plainly and clearly,
Exactly the things that I think.
I don't want to act at all shady,
But if he gets uppish — the yap! —
I'll lift up my hand like a lady
And bounce him a biff on the map.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

XIV

TAKE it from me, and listen, I be-
seech:

The wise girl keeps herself 'way out of
reach

Of guys who want to marry; for she's
sure

That if she hitches up she will be poor —
For that's the lesson all the others teach.

Don't listen when he starts his little speech;
Don't hearken when he tells you you're a
peach,

But tell him he's a liar, Simon pure —
Take it from me.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

**Remember, when you're sittin' side by each
Beneath the moonlight out upon the beach,**

That love is very fine in literachoor,

**But marriage is a thing that's hard to
cure;**

**And though I never practiced what I
preach —**

Take it from me.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

XV

EVERYTHING'S beautiful, every-
thing's bright;

Terence came over to see me last night.

"Nettie," he says, "I'll admit you was
right;

I hadn't ought to have taken that kid
Down to the dance, and I'm sorry I did.

It was a date we had made 'way ahead —
Will you forgive me?" "Why, Terry," I
said,

"You weren't to blame. It was *my* fault,
instead.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

Will you forgive —— ” But he grabbed me,
and say —

Honest, he fair took my breath all away!

When I was younger I just loved to spoon
Almost with any one under the moon;
But when Terry kissed me — it made me
feel sad

Thinkin' of all of the fellers that had
Kissed me before. What a fool I had been,
Lettin' myself be a plaything of men!
Now that I've learned what a kiss really is,
I wish that I'd never had any but his.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

XVI

'T WASN'T a bit like proposals I've read
about,

Pulsin' with passion and throbbin' with
thrills.

Every old hunch that I had in my head
about

How it was done — simply took to the
hills.

Terence talks beautiful when he is utterin'
Jollies to flatter a girl at a dance;

But when he proposed he was mumblin' and
mutterin' —

Somethin' like this, in a sort of a trance:

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

"Nettie, you know you're — say, Net,
you're a hit with me!

Honest, I can't see nobody but you.

What do you say? Do you think you could
fit with me

In a nice flat that was comfy for two?

As for my job, well, it ain't much for
salary;

Still, it will pay for the grub and the
rent.

Yes, and sometimes for two seats in the
gallery —

How does it sound to you — far as I've
went?"

"Terry," I says, "though it ain't like a book
at all —

No, nor 'a love scene in any old play —

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

Still, I ain't goin' to give you the hook at all,
Though you're a shine in the lovmakin'
way.

Marry you? Say, I'd look pretty refusin'
you!

I fell in love on the day that we met;
Ever since then I've been fearful of losin'
you —

Marry you, Terence? Well, watch little
Net!"

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

XVII

THE girls they come and girls they
go,

But not for long they tarry.

Some feller asks 'em to, and so

They quit the store — and marry.

They throw up comfort and a job,

And liberty in plenty,

For some poor ordinary slob

On twelve a week — or twenty.

I seen 'em lose their looks and style,

Get dowdylike and faded;

I said 'twould be a long, long while

Before I'd do as they did.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

But, when the right guy comes along

And says you'll make or break him.

You listen to his little song

And fall for it — and take him.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

XVIII

MY mother says: "Nix on that Terence
O'Shea."

Now what do you know about that?

She says he's too thin in the matter of pay.

Now what do you know about that?

"Why, mother," I says, "his job's awful
swell;

He's sort of a clerk in a uptown hotel."

Says she: "Yes, he jumps when the clerk
thumps the bell!"

Now what do you know about that?

I tells it to Terence and says: "Let's elope!"

Now what do you know about that?

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

But he bites on his lip and he answers me:

“Nope.”

Now what do you know about that?

Says he: “If she thinks that my job ain’t
enough

I’ll get me a better, and just call her
bluff.

We’ll wait, though the waitin’ will be mighty
tough.”

Now what do you know about that?

Says Terence: “I ain’t so dead stuck on
myself.”

Now what do you know about that?

“I’ll lay this cinch job of mine up on the
shelf.”

Now what do you know about that?

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

**"I'll get out and rustle the best that I can.
I'm sick of this bein' so spick and so span —
I'll go get a job for a good, husky Man."**

Now what do you know about that?

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

XIX

YOU'D ought to seen Terence — it's
rich!

I seen him today in his stunt.
He was diggin' up dirt from a ditch —
And gee! but it made the boy grunt.
There was mud plastered over his cheek,
His hands was all blistered and sore,
And nary a word would he speak
Though I throwed him three kisses —
or four.

He must have been pretty well fried,
For the mercury showed 93;
And I laughed, but I pretty near cried —
'Cause I knew he was workin' for me.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

But I know he'll be boss pretty soon —

You can't keep a good feller down!

And we'll march to that Mendelssohn tune

The happiest couple in town.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

XX

OH look at it, Mamie, and say if you
blame me

For bein' so happy I'm crazy to sing.
Just let your gaze linger a while on that
finger.

Say, ain't that a duck of a solitaire
ring?

It glitters and blazes at each one who
gazes —

There's class to a di'mond that sparkles
like that;

And ain't it just thrillin' that mommer is
willin'

And Terence has rented a cute little flat?

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

Yes, Terence is bossin'; he's finished with
tossin'

The dirt from his shovel down there in
the street.

And ma, she says: "Go now and marry
your beau now;

He's showed what he is and he stands on
his feet.

He's worked like he ought to and look where
he's got to —

A bully big man and the boss of a crew!
As soon as you're ready you marry your
steady."

And what mother says it's my duty to do.

And so my next payday is "goin'-away"
day —

Away from my job in this tiresome old
place,

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

Where I have been earnin' my livin' and
learnin'

That girls isn't built to win out in the
race.

Why don't you get married before you are
buried

Alive in this wearisome job in a store,
Gettin' thinner and thinner? Why, Mamie!

You sinner!

Engaged? And you never told *me*!

Say, I'm sore.

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

XXI

SAY, will you love me, kiddo, when
I'm old and uglylike and bent?
Or will you weary of me then,
When all my looks away has went?
You say 'twon't make no difference —
You'll love me then the same as now?
They all say that in self-defense;
But women like it, anyhow.

Oh, Terence, treat me awful nice
And love me lots for all my life!
Why shouldn't it be Paradise
When you and me is man and wife?

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOP GIRL

We won't be rich, except in love;

But that will help a bit all right.

We can't make any blunder of

The game if we keep love in sight.

There may be lots of troubles come —

What's that you say? Oh, Terence,
hush!

Well, yes; I hope we do have *some* —

But just the same you make me blush.

But love me, hon, through thick and thin,

And we will take what Fate may send.

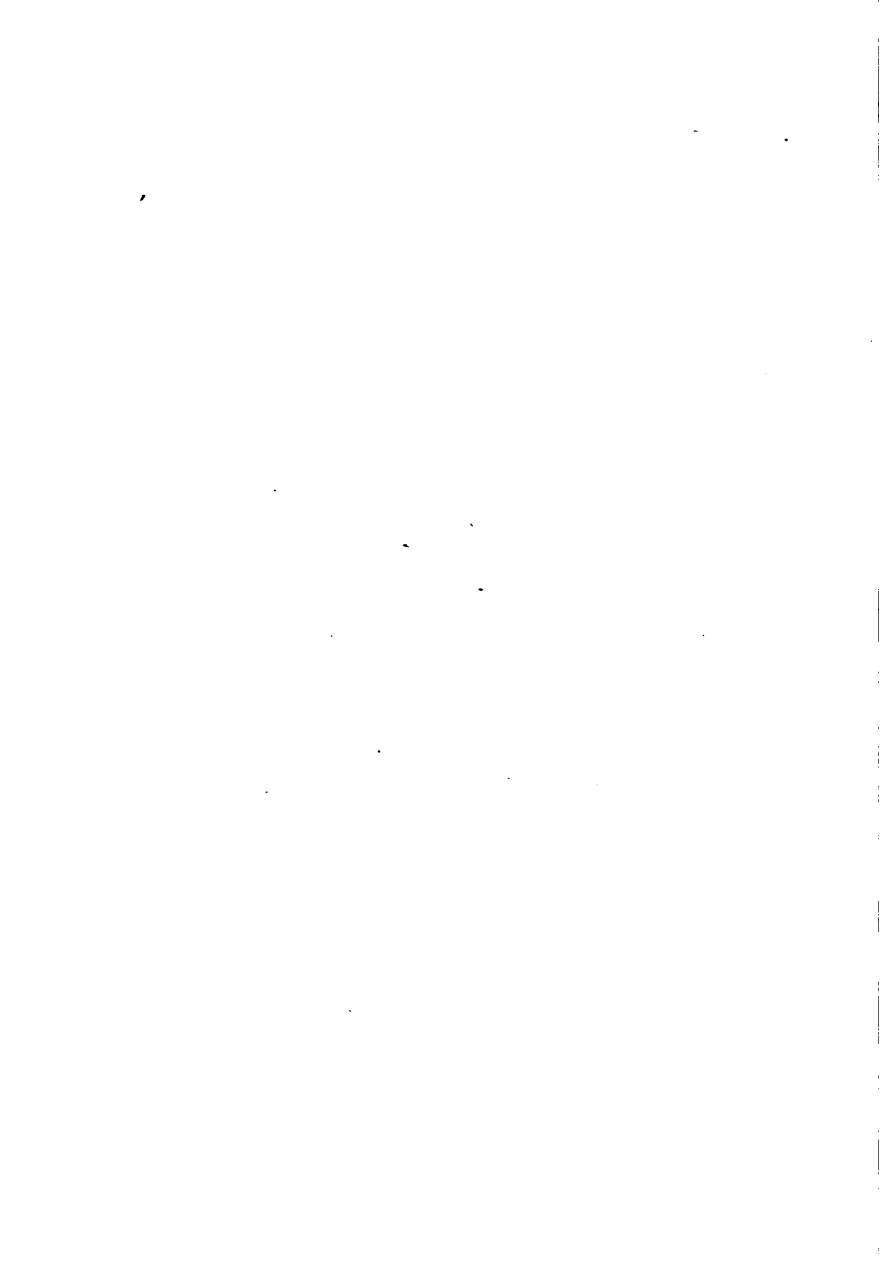
Our honeymoon will soon begin;

Let's make it last until-

THE END



LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR



LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

THE FIRST PART

I

TAKE it from me, when you're running
a taxicab,

You've got the chances to pipe all the
chicks,

Fellows that pilots and handles and backs
a cab

Wises up soon to their feminine tricks.
Every old species of doll takes a ride with
me,

Them from the city and them from the
woods,

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

So I declare — it's a matter of pride with
me —

When I am strong for a dame — she's
the Goods!

Well, now you're hep to how good I am
judging 'em,

Listen to me while I rave of a Peach!
Take all the others — I won't be begrudg-
ing 'em,

This was the Only Original Screech!
Rode with me only a trip of a mile or so,
Didn't say nothing, except at the start,
Gave me, I think, just a kind little smile
or so,

Nevertheless, I am minus my heart.

Now I am sad and a trifle lugubrious,
(Class to that word — I am great on such
stuff)

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

Somehow the prospect ain't very salubrious,

How can I ever win out with that Fluff?

Maybe we never will happen to meet again,

Maybe she's married — I wonder, oh, gee!

If she will ever be back on that seat again.

Am I in love? — well you Take it from

Me.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

II

Containing Comments upon a Change of Heart

I USED to like these chorus skirts,
The snappy dames that always flirts;
I used to think it something fine
To drive some guy who's buying wine,
I thought the dames he trailed along
Was all the class — and I was strong
For flashy dolls that slipped a tip
And told me then to "let her rip."

But somehow now I've changed my
mind,
Them lively people ain't my kind,
And I don't care for gay young bloods
That runs with dolls in fiery duds,

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

For I keep wond'ring why they roam
When they got *nice* girls near at home.
Not these here squabs that makes a stir
But nice, sweet, quiet girls — Like Her!

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

III

Containing an Account of an Encounter

I SEEN her, I seen her — that swell peach-
eriner

The one that has batted me clean off my
nut!

In all of the city there's no one as pretty,
But what would she care for a taxicab
mutt?

I seen her — but listen and let your eyes
glisten

With tears while I tell you the tale of
my woe,

I guess she's the daughter of old Van Der
Water

That portly old gink who is rolling in
dough.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

For that was the bloater who owns the big
motor —

The swell limousine that the lady was in,
And right there beside her — like some fat
old spider —

Sat Dame Van Der Water — as stiff as
a pin.

But oh, that swell chicken! — she makes
my heart quicken

She sure has me going — just poor little
Me.

And though she's above me and hardly
could love me

You never can tell what the future may
be.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

IV

Containing More Weariness of Employment Distasteful

I'M sick of driving souses
Around on their carouses
To various road houses
And places such as that.
This life's too twirly-whirly,
Too swift and gay and curly,
I want to turn in early
I ain't no blooming bat.

I'm tired of charging double
For this here taxi-bubble
And finishing the trouble
That angry Geezers start.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

This life's a constant riot,
I'm seeking something quiet,
I think I ought to try it
And ditch this taxi-cart.

I'm tired of sports and pikers,
Of these here champagne-likers,
These primrose-pathway hikers
Who bluff and fake and stall;
Of chorus girls and show girls
And rapid girls and slow girls
Because I know there's no girls
That's in HER class at all.

So — farewell, taximeter
“As fleet as time” — and fleeter,
You blamed old fraud and cheater
That used to help me rob;

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

Farewell — for now my bee is
And all the hope I see is
To get a place where SHE is
If I can glom the job!

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

V

Containing Considerable Enthusiasm

LISTEN, while I give three cheers,
I'm the lucky gink,
Smile extends around my ears.

Sad? I scarcely think!
Mrs. Van Der Water said
That she liked my face.
Hoped I'd keep a level head
If I got the place.

"Madame," says I, "I'm your meat,
'Level-head's' my name
Modest, sober and discreet,
Honest, kind and tame,
I can make a car perform
Any sort of tricks,
Set a pace that's slow or warm,
Sixty miles, or six!"

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

So she hired me on the spot,
Not a bit of fuss,
Though she added, "You will not
Have a home with us,
You will have to live outside
Not too far away
So that when we want a ride
There'll be no delay."

Joy and rapture, perfect bliss!
Maybe I'm in Dutch!
Home was not a bit like this
Not by quite as much.
Gee, my brains is in a whirr
And my heart beats high.
I am going to drive for HER,
I'm a lucky guy!

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

VI

Containing Matters Pertaining to a Girl

TAKE it from me, she's the Goods!
Back, all the rest, to the woods!

She's got 'em trailing or rushed to the
railing

Engines on fire in their hoods.

I took her out for a spin,

Made the big car go like sin,

When one gazabo would pass us, why
say, bo,

"Beat him," she says, with a grin.

Take it from me that I did,

I'm the speedometer kid,

And, when a fairy says "hurry" to
Harry

Speed laws are certain to skid.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

Honestly, pal, she's a dream,

Yes, and a regular scream,

All of the candy, a queen and a dandy,
Guaranteed peaches and cream!

Gee, but I love her for fair,

But I am filled with despair.

How can a chauffeur get money to blow
for

Winning a girl millionaire?

No, it's no possible use,

Still, I can't tear myself loose.

Now that I've found her I'm hanging
around her.

Take it from me, it's the deuce!

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

VII

*Containing a Relation of Impending
Conflict*

SAYS I to the footman, says I,
 “You’re only a servant,
 Don’t look quite so fervent
When this here young lady goes by.”

Says I to the tiger — “You too
 Just cut out the flirtin’
 Or something is certain
To happen quite sudden to you!

“You lackeys have sure got a nerve
 To be throwing glances
 And making advances
To them you are paid just to serve.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

"So cut out this lovey-dove stuff;
You know that your trade is
Not ogling swell ladies,
So chop it — or I will get rough."

They both was so mad they was red,
But they didn't cut up
No rumpus, they shut up,
And that's why they're neither one dead.

The crust of these servants! the cheek!
They don't know their places
But made pretty faces
At Her — till I happened to speak.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

VIII

*Containing Nothing which Advances the
Tale, but much Praise of a Lady*

SHE sure has *class* — she's like a car
That runs without a jolt or jar,
A quiet, rightly-made machine,
A finely finished limousine,
That's good for journeys near or far.

She's not a speeder, like some are,
Though she can travel "up to par,"
But — oh, you know just what I mean,
She sure has *class*.

Her lines are neat but not bizarre,
She hasn't got a fault to mar;

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

Her motor's silent and serene,
She's good for hills or valleys green,
She's all the dope, a peach, a star!
She sure has *class*.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

IX

*Containing Sorrow because of a Piece in
the Paper*

WEEP for me brother, oh, weep for me,
Honest, my trouble's too deep for
me,

Here is the reason in printer's ink
She's being wooed by some millionaire
gink,

Worry will spoil all my sleep for me!

Oh, I'm aware she is not for me.

Still, just to *see* her's a lot for me;

Now if she marries this other duck

I'll never see her — it's just my luck.

That is the wallop Fate's got for me.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

I've never seen any boys with her,
But this guy, they say's the big noise with
her,

And as for me — I'm a common bloke
And my life is spoiled and my heart is
broke

But I wish him the greatest of joys with her.

And now it's the wine and the song for me
With a gay little Pony along for me,

For love's a joke and the world's a sham
And I'm going to raise Old Ned, I am,
It's back to the gay old throng for me.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

X

Containing Remorse

NEVER again the joy ride thing
Never again for Willie!
Whenever *that* bug begins to sing
I'll answer it "nixy — nilly,"
For I went out with a pal or two,
A bottle or two and a gal or two
(It's funny the things a guy will do
When out with a live young filly).

We smashed the records of all the cars
— Level country or hilly —
But the cops they put us behind the
bars
And it made our hot time chilly;

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

And I had to pungle the bail for us
To open the gates of the jail for us.
Oh, it was surely an awful muss
And it makes a guy feel silly.

So never again the joy ride thing
With all of its frills so frilly,
I've tried it once and I've had my fling
At being a daffy-dilly,
I'm free, I hope, of the bars all right
And I thank my stars that the car's all right,
But I've learned my lesson and it's "good
night!"
Never again for Willie.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

XI

I WAS waiting for her mother as the day
grew late,

When the girl she came and lingered at the
iron gate

Then she took the seat beside me — and
she said she'd wait.

I didn't start the talking, but She spoke to
me

And soon we was conversing very pleasantly,
And my heart was simply beating like a
hammer — see!

She was very sweet and jolly for a little while
And She made me extra happy with her
warm, kind smile

And She sure was mighty lovely in the
grandest style.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

She listened to me talking as a fellow will
Of the things he's done and doing — that
 he will do still,
And She said she'd often wondered at my
 nerve and skill.

Then her mother joined the party and the
 talk was done,
But she sure has got me captured — she's
 the only One,
Though my heart is sad and dreary and it
 weighs a ton.

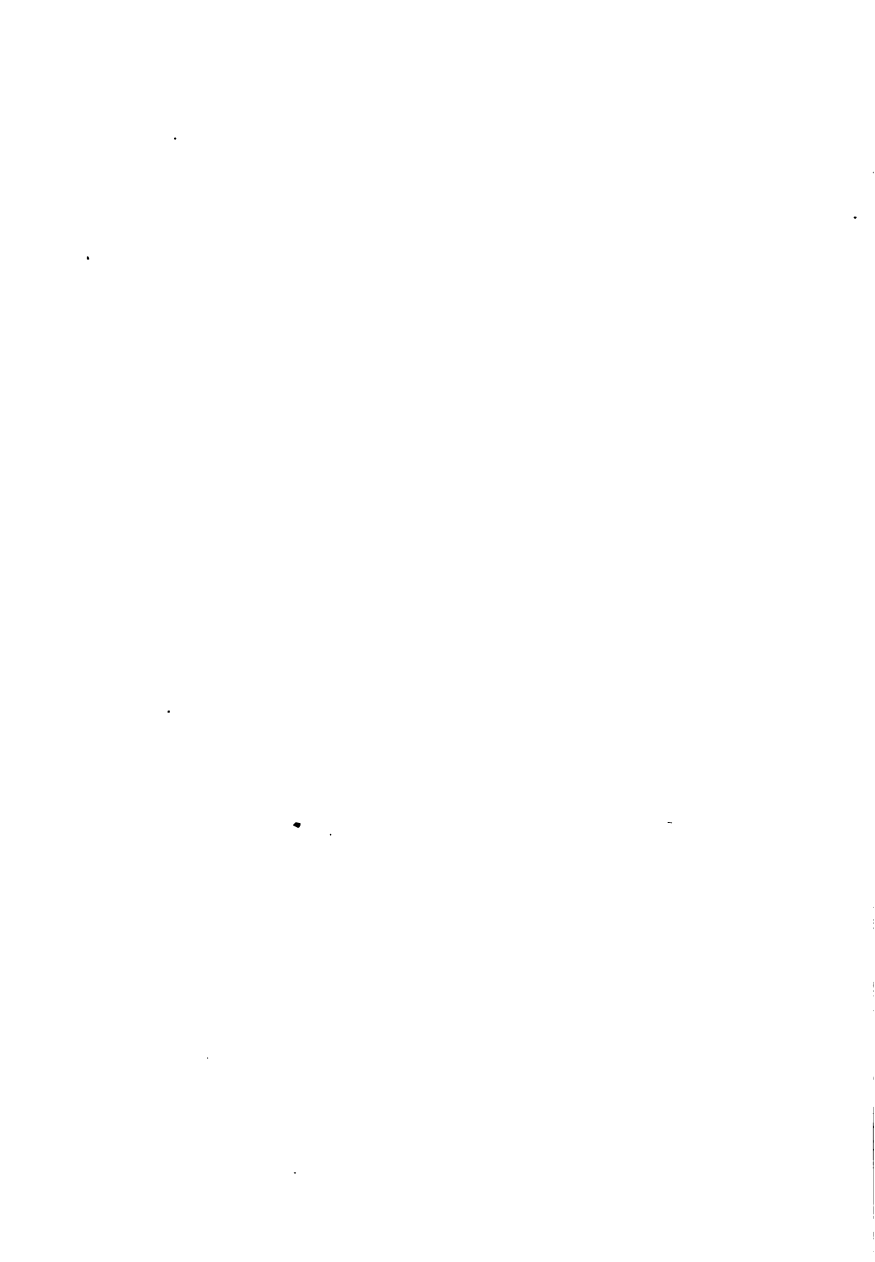
For though the other fellow hasn't showed
 up yet
I know a millionairess ain't for me to get
For they never marry fellows that must
 toil and sweat.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

**So what's the use of dreaming though your
dreams are swell?**

**There's always some one wakes you with
the rising bell,**

**It's very pleasant dreaming — but to wake
is hell!**



LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

THE SECOND AND LAST PART

XII

SHE went out to the country house
today,

I took *her* in the little runabout,

I felt so happy I could almost shout,

She talked to me for nearly all the way.

I sat there like a boob, I couldn't say

A single thing, the words would not come
out

And then — somehow I got clear off the
route

And just missed smashing up against a
dray.

'Twas close enough so I had quite a fright

But when I turned to *her* to make a stall,

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

That everything was lovely and all right

I found SHE'D fainted dead away —
that's all!

And then — I know it wasn't square to do
But still, I kissed *her* — then I brought *her*
to.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

XIII

Containing Hope

MAYBE, after all, SHE'D love me
If SHE knew that I loved her,
Though it seems SHE'S far above me
Still — such matches *do* occur.

'Course, I'm shy on education
'Cept the kind a Geezer learns,
When he has to get his ration
On the rhino that he *earns*,

But — here's where I throw bouquets at
Me myself — I ain't no stick,
And I'm pretty good to gaze at,
Leastwise I don't make you sick
Like these shrimps so soft and sappy
With their brains as light as chaff;
When I see that kind of chappy
On the dead, it is to laugh!

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

I got lunch hooks made for working,
I got arms that's good and strong,
I ain't like these dancing, smirking
Ginks that's in the "social" throng.
I ain't no cotillion leader
Never cared about that clan,
But I reckon I could feed her
And at least she'd have a Man.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

XIV

Containing Battle

THE butler says, "Well, how's the love
sick guy?"

"Do you refer to *me?*" was my reply.

"Why sure," he says, "the whole blame
outfit's wise,
Do you think we got blinders on our eyes?"

"Well, wise to what?" I asks him, "what's
the game?"

"Why, wise," he says, "to how you likes
that dame.

"I guess you got an awful crush — hey bo?
Oh, in the servants' hall we ain't so slow.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

"Say, tell me, put me next to all the dope —
Just when are you expecting to elope?"

"Say, brother," was my comeback, calm
and plain,

"I guess you've got some cobwebs on your
brain.

"Your mind is dusty — sneeze and clean
it out!

You listen, now, to what I've got to shout.

"Cut out the comedy, you ain't so much
You're just about as funny as a crutch.

"And also keep your nose from my affairs
And — so you won't be loaded with my
cares —

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

"I'll give you some that's all your *own*" —
and, bim!

I spread his nose around the face of him.

And maybe now he knows enough to see
I am not fond of curiosity.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

XV

Containing Criticism

THE chauffeurs gave a fancy ball
And all the servants shook a shoe,
I tell you there was nothing small
About the way they put it through.
The maids and nurses was on view
Dolled up to kill — and be admired
But let me wise you up a few —
These roughneck functions make me tired.

There was a time I used to fall
For every pretty skirt I knew,
I used to whirl 'em round the hall
And grizzly-bear 'em muchly, too.
I was the biggest breeze that blew
With all the damsels that I squired,
But now I tell 'em to skidoo!
These roughneck functions make me tired.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

It ain't no use for me to stall,
The little dame I love so true
Has kind of spoiled me for 'em all
Till only high-toned wrens will do.
These chambermaids and all that crew —
My liking for 'em has expired,
Fastidious indeed I've grew,
These roughneck functions make me tired.

Believe me — *Class* is all my cue
A finer taste I have acquired,
I know what's what and who is who,
These roughneck functions make me tired.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

XVI

Containing Developments

TODAY, as I oiled the machinery
And cleaned up the car for a run,
She came — all toggged up in new scenery
The niftiest doll 'neath the sun.
And for more than an hour she was hovering near
Though I said to her, "Madam, it's dirty
in here."

She said she would take all the chance of it
And added, "I envy all this
The daring and skill and romance of it."
Said I — "Are you kidding me, Miss?
This job's as romantic as driving a hearse
Or washing the dishes or knitting a purse!"

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

Then she talked of the way I had driven her

The day we had just missed the dray,
And asked if I'd fully forgiven her

For foolishly fainting away.

And I said to myself — "Is she hep, was
she wise?"

For there was a smile somewhere deep in
her eyes.

I kept at my job, getting grittier

And greasier, too, like a chump,
And She — She got prettier and prettier,
Till my heart would do nothing but
thump.

She might not know much about engines
or lamps,

But say — as a looker she's one of the
Champs.

I wonder if she is just bringing me

A chance to make plain how I feel,

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

Or if she is pleasantly stringing me,

And if she'd say "nix" if I'd spiel.

This being in love is a helluva note,

Your heart's in your boots or it's up in
your throat.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

XVII

Containing More Developments

I KISSED her and she *knew* I did,
And never squealed a little bit.
I kind of think she loves me, kid.

While climbing in the car, she slid
And slipped — I caught her 'fore she hit,
I kissed her and she *knew* I did.

Beneath her natty merry-wid
She blushed — but never threw a fit.
I kind of think she loves me, kid.

Was Mamma near? Say, brother, rid
Yourself of thinking I'm a nit.
I kissed Her — and she knew I did.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

When mamma came, I touched my lid
And Daughter's blushes seemed to flit,
I kind of think she loves me, kid.

Say, all my gladness makes me skid
To think I made an awful hit.
I kissed her and she *knew* I did;
I kind of think she loves me, kid.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

XVIII

Containing a Hint

THAT kiss had me so worried that
I didn't know where I was at,
Although SHE didn't seem to care,
The prospect sort of threw a scare
Into my consciousness, I thought
I hadn't done just what I ought,
And when she'd think it over, she
Would have a can attached to me.

And while I sat around in doubt
She 'phoned me for the runabout.
I grabbed my overcoat and rushed
The little car around — she blushed
When I drew up there at the curb
And gee! she sure did look superb.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

She blushed and smiled at me, and sighed
And said, "Let's take a little ride."

I helped her in — she laughed, and then
She said, "*Perhaps* I'll faint again!"

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

XIX

Containing a Declaration

WHEN out upon the road we sped,
I said to her, here's what I said,
"Say, miss, whenever you're around
I go clean dotty in the head.

"My brakes won't work, my wires are
crossed,
My power is on, the clutch is lost,
I'm running wild around the road,
And as a chauffeur I'm a frost.

"I know, of course, I'm just a bloke
That smells of oil and auto smoke
But I can always get a job
And graft is good — and I ain't broke.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

"And since I seen you, from the start
In that there honk-hack; say, my heart
Has run like some old motor bike
Or like a one-lung package cart.

"I know I got a nerve to brace
A lady in your high-born place,
But I am mighty strong for you
And so I say it to your face.

"I know I'm not so much refined
As people of your social kind,
But if you'd take a chance on me
I wouldn't be so bad, you'd find.

"I'd work for you and try to be
The kind of man you'd want me, see!
I love you like a hood-on-fire
And so I ask you — Marry me!"

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

XX

Containing Elation

GAZE at the chest of me, pipe all the
rest of me,

Wise yourself up to the joy and the zest
of me!

Fate — do your scrappiest, still I'm the
snappiest,

Luckiest mortal on earth — and the hap-
piest!

Fill up your glass to me! Well, don't
you pass to me

Credit for having a whole lot of class to me?
Love's taken care of me, nothing can harry
me

Think of it, brother, she says she will
marry me!

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

**We're to go riding some day, that's the
dope;**

**Then — we will put on some speed — and
elope!**

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

XXI

Containing a Catastrophe

SAY, listen to Harry, the Chauffeur
That's talking to you,
— That girl I've been loving so true
And saving up all of my dough for,
She's only the maid, not the daughter
Of old Van Der Water!
Why, say, I'm a boob, I'm a quince
And the servants have laughed at me since
They found what I thought.
And to think that I fought
With the butler and played
Such a fool — for a *maid*!
If I'd *asked*, I'd have known
But I went it alone.
And I stuck up my nose at the crowd
And it's their laugh — out loud!

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

Well, I guess I will beat it, that's all
For I'd feel pretty small
To be getting the laugh all the time
For I sure am a lime!
And yet I don't know,
 She's a neat little fluff,
 And I *can't* treat her rough
In spite of the fact she was stringing me so.
Perhaps, after all, — she might prove up a
 pearl
And she certain and sure is one Nice Little
 Girl!

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

XXII

Containing a Satisfactory Conclusion

WELL, we've fixed it all up at the last
And the parson has tied us
And we've cut out the bluff of the past
And there's naught will divide us.
And when I consider the same
My thanks are most fervent,
That SHE ain't a society dame
But a mighty good servant.

For when I take trouble to think
Of the ways of them ladies
I know with a commonplace gink
They'd simply raise Hades,
So I'm glad that she's plain Mary Jane
Not way, way above me
But the kind that will wear in the rain
And will honestly love me.

LOVE LYRICS OF A CHAUFFEUR

She's saved up a dollar or two
And I've crated *some* honey
And we've got an investment in view
That'll bring us the money!
It's a cinch of a business we'll share
And a long needed mission,
For we'll run a garage — ON THE
SQUARE
— And there's no competition!

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11

23





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